

News and Comment  
Written by Experts

# STAR-BULLETIN SPORTS

Edited By  
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## ALAMEDA OARSMEN ARRIVE ON SIERRA AND LOOK VERY GLASSY

Coast Oarsmen Will Get Their Barge in the Water Today and Take Their First Spin in Hawaiian Waters—Full of Confidence but Do Not Underrate Ability of Island Crews

With the colors of their club draped over the rail of both upper and lower decks of the Sierra, and with bright pennants waving a greeting to their prospective hosts and coming rivals, the Alameda rowing crew reached Honolulu this morning. A good sized delegation of local oarsmen and others interested in the success of Regatta Day was on hand to welcome the invading sportsmen and the other members of their party, and before they had been on dry land five minutes the Alamedans were made to feel thoroughly at home.

The visiting oarsmen are a sturdy looking lot, and all are feeling in top-notch form, in spite of the six days of forced inactivity aboard ship. But while the Alamedans were somewhat restricted as to space on the Sierra, they were by no means idle, for with the assistance of a number of rowing machines they kept their pulling muscles in trim, and expect to get back into their stroke as soon as they step into their barge.

The Alamedans average a trifle over 167, and have been working hard for the coming regatta for the past month. They come here full of confidence but minus anything even faintly resembling a "swelled head" frankly acknowledging that they have no line of comparison on the island oarsmen, but that they think they have a good chance to carry off premier honors in the senior barge race, and also in the pair oar.

E. B. Thornton, president of the Alameda Boat Club, and himself an old-time oarsman with a big reputation on the Coast, is in charge of the squad, and is well pleased with the showing made by the crew before

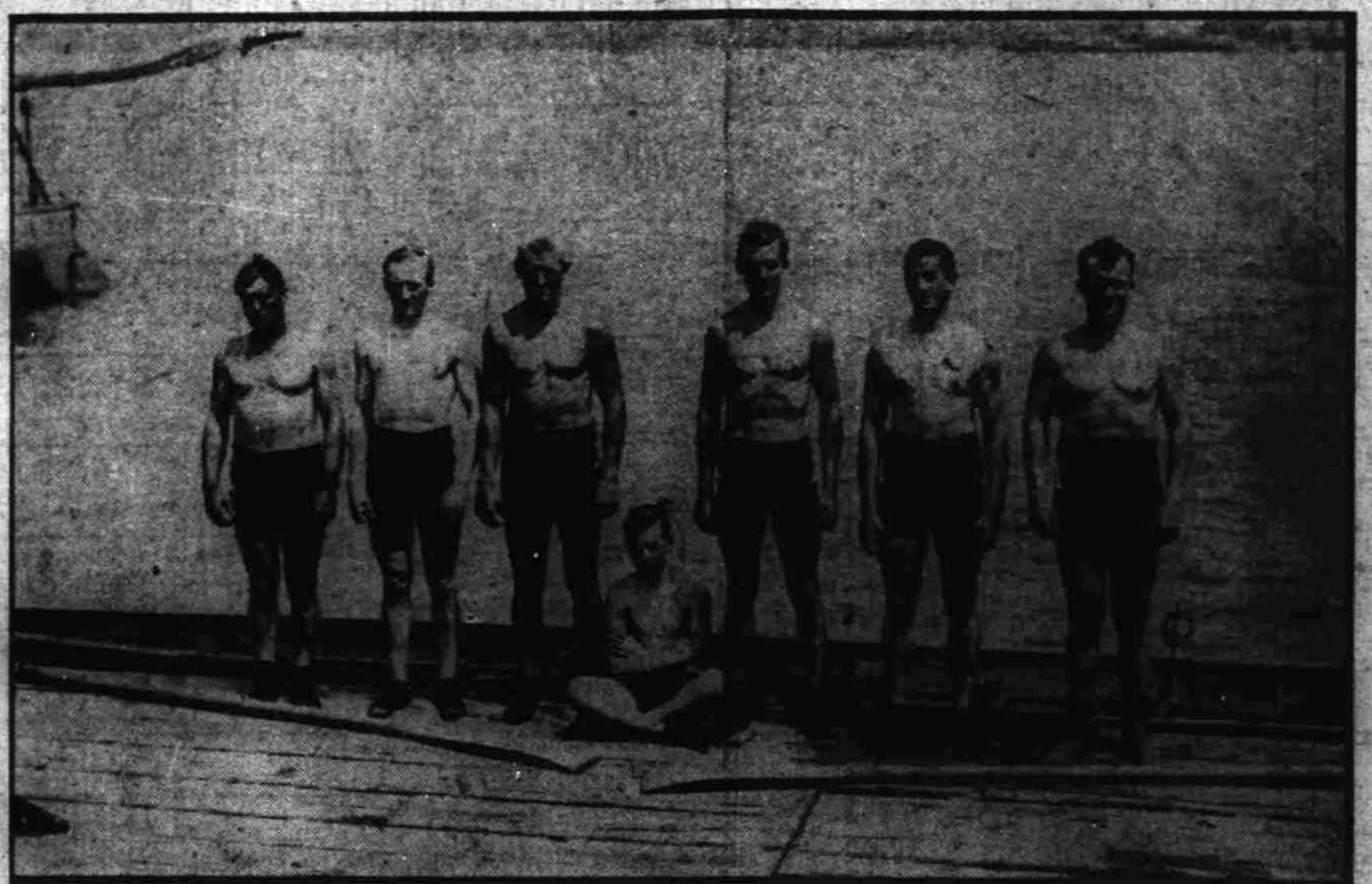
their departure, and with their general condition throughout the trip. The Sierra had smooth weather all the way down, and none of the party felt any ill effects from a life on the ocean wave.

Including crew, coxswain, manager and ladies, the Alameda party numbers fourteen, and all are registered at the Young. As soon as he had settled their belongings, Mr. Thornton and several members of the crew went down to the Healan club house, where they will train during their stay here, and had a look at the quarters and the course. They expressed themselves as well pleased with what they saw, and are confident that they will be able to do themselves justice in the harbor when the final test comes.

The Alamedans will be out for a trial spin this afternoon, and their style and stroke will be watched with considerable interest. On the Coast they have been rowing a much faster stroke than is usual with local crews, using 40 or thereabouts for the regular swing, and hitting it up a few more points for spurts. The local crews a much slower stroke, round the 30 mark, and they do not believe that the Northerners will be able to hold their fast clip over the longer course.

Yesterday was a busy day around the local boathouses, Healan's, Myrtles and Puemans all taking the water at one time or another for practice. The Healan seniors were sent over the course several times at a fast clip, and showed better form than they have for the past few weeks.

## HERE THEY ARE--ALL READY TO ROW US



THE INVADING ALAMEDA CREW.  
Left to right the oarsmen in the picture are: J. Lewis, A. Bramp ton, C. Kiser, H. Kihn (cox), Q. Somner, H. Nielson, H. Hess.

## PHYSICAL FITNESS FOR BUSY MEN

By FRANK A. GOTCH.  
(World's Wrestling Champion.)  
TRY ACCUMULATING ENERGY.

A young man from Minneapolis, Minn., writes to me in this strain: "I am 30 years of age and have always enjoyed good health and average strength, but believe that I need exercise, although I am reasonably active. What good would exercise be to me?"

There are perhaps millions of men between the ages of 25 and 40 who are substantially in the same position as the man whose letter I refer to. They feel that perhaps they would be better off with exercise, and yet, up to this time, their systems have been able to take care of all the taxation put upon them.

Just because a man is healthy and reasonably strong is not an argument against his bettering his physical condition. There are certain cumulative effects of physical development that begin to reap their harvest later in life. A young man may abuse his system with excesses of various kinds and feel none of the evil effects for years. He may then quiet down and take good care of himself for ten or a dozen years, and finally begin to slip the coupons from the bonds of his previous dissipation.

On the other hand, he may engage in systematic exercise during the years when he does not feel the need

of it, and may wonder if it is not a waste of time. But when he nears the half century mark he will appreciate the benefits, because he will age less rapidly and remain more supple because of the care he has given himself.

Men who feel good bodily are more inclined to engage in some sort of physical activity than are the other classes. And yet, as a physician told me not long ago, the safest way to live to a ripe old age is to have some chronic ailment and nurse it.

The active man can at least play golf, tennis or some other game that will give him activity. The fact that he is already in fair physical condition should give him reason enough to desire to continue that way. Many of the individuals who should have entered old age in excellent form have abused their constitutions, their muscles and their nerves to the breaking point.

Nature is extremely prodigal to some persons, but it has its limitations even in its own prodigality. It has its maximum beyond which it never goes. There is a great deal of difference between being an athlete and being well. All that any exercise can hope to do is to reinforce nature, and thirty minutes or an hour six days a week will bring about that continuity of physical fitness that furnishes the best bank account old age can ever boast.

## FIELDER JONES WANTS TO QUIT

Reports waiting in from the Northwest state that Fielder Jones is fast tiring of his position as president of the Northwestern League and it will not be at all surprising if the former White Sox leader resigns his office and confines his energy toward the raising of apples on his Oregon ranch. Jones has found the work much harder than he expected. When Fielder accepted the presidency he had a sneaking idea that it was more or less a position of honor and did not call for any hard work, but as the weeks grew apace this thought has been cruelly jolted and the work is such now as to command his undivided attention.

It will be a hard blow to the Northwestern League in the event that Jones declines the job. Under his administration the league has prospered both artistically and financially. The umpiring, too, is much better. When Lindsey was in supervision of the affairs everything was in a state of helter-skelter and he left the league in much the same shape. Jones' untiring labor has made the league a paying proposition once again.

There are hoodooes—hundreds of them—to the ball player's way of thinking. Take Pittsburgh, for instance. The worst hoodoo in that town is the bug who daily squats back of first base, making life miserable for the man playing that sack. Time and again I have heard the yowls of the individual, but never have succeeded in locating him.

"Every first sacker in the National league has heard the yowling of this human coyote. It's little wonder ball players often lose their temper during the heat of battle and become guilty of acts that are far from becoming to the profession.

"Recall how Manager Chance refused to have the Cubs pose for a team picture during the closing days of the league race in 1908. He was especially fearful that the photographer might work a jinx on the players and jeopardize our chances of beating Detroit. Reubach is a mighty superstitious chap. I remember how one of Ed's friends approached him two years ago when the big pitcher was mowing them down for his record of fourteen straight victories. The fan wanted Reubach's cap, the one he had worn during all those games, but Ed refused to part with the headgear. Yes, the ball player is to be listed only with the actor or the sailor when it comes to the superstitious phase of life."

After a man has been married a few weeks he makes the startling discovery that his wife has a lot of relations he never heard of before.

## TAIL ENDERS BEAT CAVALRY

[Special Star-Bulletin Correspondence]  
Schofield Barracks,  
Sept. 16, 1912.

The only game played in the Barracks league this week was between the Fifth cavalry, the leaders of the procession, and the Field Artillery, who are in the cellar division, and the unexpected certainty came to pass.

Bowers on the slab for the red legs pitched a superb game. He had everything in the repertoire, and received well-nigh perfect support, the final score being 2-0 in favor of the artillery.

Bowers is only half the size of the average box man but a record of one hit no-run game is to his credit. He walked but one man and hit none and but twenty-eight men faced him in a full nine-inning game, according to the official score-keeper, Chaplain Houlihan, of the Fifth horse.

Suddarth, the cavalry's best flinger, was out of condition and Ferris, from short, did the honors as opposed to Bowers. Jacobs and Steinhart caught their usual steady game but outside of Bowers' marvellous work the feature of the game was Berry's stop and recovery of a hard hit back of first. Berry, playing deep at second, stabbed from an almost impossible angle, nailed his man. Lieut. Groninger was out of the game with a bruised finger and his absence was seriously felt.

Standings to date:

	W.	L.	Pct.
Fifth Cavalry	5	2	.714
First Infantry	4	2	.666
Second Infantry	2	4	.333
First Artillery	2	5	.285

Sunday's game being off on account of the absence of the Second Infantry in the mountains, the First Infantry played the Whites, a junior team from Honolulu, and were beaten 7 to 6. As said of this game the better. It was an exhibition game in every sense of the word with all the honors to the visitors.

You can get a lot of things for nothing that nobody wants.  
Broad cloth is rumored to be a coming autumn material.

## SIMON GILLIS WAS BUNK HERO DURING STOCKHOLM GAMES

Athletes returning from the Olympic games are still laughing at the sympathy extended to Simon Gillis, the hammer thrower, when that junk hero was carried off the field with an apparently sprained ankle after he had made a fruitless effort to get a place in the competition. That sympathy should be extended to him here is not strange, for the New York policeman played his part in the dramatic exit from the stadium so well that the thousands in the stands were deceived and cheered him as though he and not Matt McGrath was the real hero of the event.

Simon had been well fed and nurtured from the time he left America until he reached Stockholm, and had taken on so much weight that he was less active than usual. The consequence was that he twisted his foot a little in practice and when advised by the doctors not to compete the wily Simon saw a chance to leave the stadium with more than his share of glory, even though he could not throw a lick.

Went Bandaged.  
He went on the field with his ankle in bandages, and when he stepped in the circle all eyes were on him. Whirling the hammer around his head he slung it out about 100 feet, and then went sprawling on the ground. The big man lay helpless and made motions as if trying to get on his feet, each time falling back in simulated agony. There was a consultation among the officials and the competition was halted while the stretcher was sent for. Two lads weighing under 100 pounds each brought it in, but they were unable to lift the giant.

Then a guard of honor was formed of the other weight throwers. McGrath, Rose, Childs, Sherman, and even the big Finn, Niklander, gathered around and tenderly raised the prostrate man on the stretcher. A pitiful sight.  
Slowly they marched off the field, while expressions of pity were on the lips of all the spectators. Gillis winked at the stretcher bearers as they neared the crowd, and Matt McGrath whispered to him, "Pain, you big stiff, faint." Simon groaned in reply, and one of the American Olympic committee said to a group of his friends, "That is the spirit that wins for America. That gallant man was willing to sacrifice his life to gain a point for his country."

All except one little New England man seemed overpowered at the tragic end to Gillis' efforts. He cast one searching glance at the ambulance brigade before he drew out. "He's not an athlete, he's an actor." The quiet New Englander was Mike Murphy, and he was right as usual, for Simon, though not as spry as other members of the team, was able to walk about when he got back to the Finland.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE FURNISHES TWO SURPRISES

Showing Made by Philadelphia and Washington the Talk of Fandom—Athletics Look Better Now, Though

When the baseball historians write the story of the American League race of 1912 they will dwell upon the fact that it was conspicuous by two wonderful surprises. If a league has one large shock in a season it is quite extraordinary, but to have two is little short of miraculous. The failure of the Athletics to repeat their successes of 1911 was the first. Finishing their campaign like they did last year—in a burst of glory—everything pointed to another triumph. Connie Mack's champions were not veterans by any means and if a team looked fit to make another winning fight this one did. Of course, there were some old men in the line-up, but young blood seemed to predominate. Still, just when the Athletics seemed most powerful they exploded like a skyrocket. Their outfield failed completely and only two of their great corps of pitchers—Combs and Plank—stood the test. The famous infield has been the chief source of what strength Philadelphia has shown and now Connie Mack must set out and do some hustling for young timber; he must hustle much sooner than he anticipated.

Now for the other surprise. It is not hard to guess. Surprise No. 2 has been the playing of the Washington club, which was the joke of the American League ever since its organization. Year after year it has guarded the cellar with the tenacity that approached the heroic. All thought of Washington ever having a team fighting anywhere near the top had departed from human minds ages ago. When Clark Griffith jumped out in front last spring the fans said, "Oh, it is only a spasm. He will come back." Until the season was well over half played the same fans would not give the Senators a chance. It is different now. They have gained the good opinions of those who would not take them seriously, and no matter where the Senators may finish, everybody will now grant that Washington has a baseball club. An infusion of young blood of the proper quality with the old players held over doing their share was what turned the trick. Rather a strange coincidence that Griffith, who had scored a failure with Cincinnati, should take the place of a manager, McAleer, who likewise had scored a failure and both of them should get away with winners the first rattle out of the box. All this season the fight has

## KLEBAHN-HEALY COMBINATION WINNER

Germany and Ireland for Offensive Alliance and Bring Rest of the Golfing World to Terms

F. W. Klebahn and Wm. Healy, better known to his intimates as "Tim," proved winners in the two-ball foursome competition at the Country Club yesterday. It was a splendid day for golfing, and the large field of 36 who put their names down on the entry list, all voted it one of the best tournaments held for some time.

Klebahn and Healy were pitted against E. A. Mott-Smith and A. E. Jordan in the final round, and won 3 up and 2 to play, this being about their easiest match of the day.

Owing to the limited time in which to run off a match play competition, only 3-hole matches were played. This gave a chance to select the winners by the regular process of elimination.

The Country Club course is in splendid condition now, but the players are looking forward to the completion of the new nine holes, and to play over a full 18-hole course next year. The work of clearing the new fair green is now in progress, but it is progressing slowly, on account of the large amount of rock that has to be removed.

## GIANTS FEEL THE TENSION

By CHRISTY MATHEWSON.

Star Pitcher of the New York Giants.  
This is the most nerve racking race in which I ever took part with one exception, that being the battle of 1905. Just when the Giants begin to think they have the pennant definitely won and settle back to take things easier, it gets close again, and the same old, wearying, persistent question haunts the minds of the players—"Will we win?"

I have little doubt the Giants will win, but it is going to be a hard fight to the end of the schedule. When I looked as if we possessed a safe lead, after having won four games out of five in Pittsburgh, the Cincinnati Reds, the club which has been the easiest for us to defeat all the season, dumped us twice without a run. That was a tough setback, and it was a fortunate thing for us that Egan won two from the Cubs and Brooklyn one along about the same time.

It was a great disappointment to McGraw and every man on the team to have Cincinnati defeat us in that series; for there is no love lost among the Giants for "Hank" O'Day, and while we have done considerable to turn the Reds back down the ladder, still it was tough to see them get those two games just when we needed them most to put us on Easy street and remove the strain which has been wearing on the club for a month. If we had taken these two, I would have said that the pennant was sure. But now we still have the same old fight on our hands.

In Cincinnati we encountered a couple of the best pitched games the club has faced this season. I never saw Fromme pitch better ball. His feat of dropping the Giants with one hit after we came out of Pittsburgh vigorously healthy in the batting line was a great surprise. Benton delivered almost as good ball the day before, giving us only four hits. It must be conceded that the two twirlers showed their best games against us.

Many fans wonder about the keen rivalry between the Giants and Cincinnati, and the reason there has been so much apparent hostility in each series between the two clubs this season. No player who was with the Giants in 1908 will ever forgive O'Day for his decision in that game which gave Chicago the pennant. This is the reason the two defeats last week, coming as they did, just when we needed the games, hurt so much.

"I was sorry to see O'Day do it," said McGraw on the way back to New York after the short series. "I don't blame the players. They were up against good pitching, but we've got to hand it to 'Hank' when he comes East. It may be our last chance, you know."

**MONEY WASTED.**  
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